Accused of Kidnaping His Own Granddaughter, Insult to Old Soldier

NEW YORK, June 27.—He was tall and broad-shouldered, and his gray hair crowned a face that was furrowed with lines that indicated a fighting past. A long, drooping mustache that fell below his chin gave his countenance a forbidding appearance, and as he walked in Central Park west, near 100th street, with a girl four years old, the crowd that saw him felt sure he was a leader of the "Black Hand."

In the west side court the man said afterward he was Tobia Routnda, seventy-four years old, a former soldier under Garibaldi, and that the girl with him was his granddaughter. His story, it was found by the police, was true, and he was discharged, but not until he had passed through an exciting experience that recalled to him the days when he fought for the independence of Italy.

Suspicious Glances.

As Rotundo walked slowly just outside of the park he noticed that several men and women cast suspicious glances at him. Then they looked at the girl by his side, and trey seemed to make up their minds that something was wrong.

"It's the 'Black Hand' with a kidnaped child," said a woman.

"Police!" screamed another woman.

Before Rotundo recovered from his surprise he found himself surrounded by a score of persons. The crowd grew with every minute, and soon fully 200 men and women blocked his way.

"Go away, you fools!" shouted the old soldier. "I have not done anything."

"Black Hand! Black Hand!" the crowd shouted. "Kill the kidnaper!"

The crowd pressed against Rotundo and several men tried to take the little girl away from him. The former soldier, however, backed against the park wall and struck out with his heavy cane. He handled the stick like an expert swordsman, and soon the crowd fell back. Several men jabbed their canes at him, but he warded them off with his stick. By and by Patrolman Back arrived.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"He kidnaped the child," several persons in the excited crowd replied.

Crowd Would Not Disperse.

"She's my grandchild," the man explained, and the policeman seeing the child cling affectionately to the old man ordered the crowd to disperse. Instead of doing so, the men and women insisted that the "kidnaper" be arrested. The policeman finally took Rotundo to the west side court, where he told his story to Magistrate Butts. The magistrate was not satisfied and ordered that the prisoner remain in court until a policeman investigate the story.

Then the old man, who had faced the crowd without flinching, broke down. He wept at the thought that he should be accused of kidnaping his own grandchild, and he regarded it as an outrage that he should be retained. Finally the policeman brought to court the girl's mother, and she established the relationship between the prisoner and the girl. Rotundo then was discharged.

Girl Escapes Spanking, Elopes With Her Ideal

COATESVILLE, Pa., June 27.—Received with open arms by the mother and spurned by the father, Mrs. Alma Jones, formerly Miss Gray, who eloped with Clarence Jones to New York, where they were married, has returned to Coatesville. The pair will make their home at the bridegroom's boarding house.

Mrs. Jones said: "I met Mr. Jones about four months ago, and believed he would make an ideal husband. I never mentioned matrimony to my parents. Father was opposed to my keeping company. He told me that he was going to 'jack it up,' meaning that I should not go with Mr. Jones—never. He tried to spank me, but did not succeed. This was the cause of my elopement.

"Mother received me very nicely, and I learned from her that the 'old man' is pretty angry and says he is done with me. I don't care, though; I am happy, now."

POLICEMEN OVERSTEP RIGHTS OF AUTOISTS

That which is right for a bicycle policeman must also be right for a mounted policeman, and the latter would have just as much authority to jump his horse into a car and order a motorist to proceed as has a bicycle officer to shoulder his wheel and mount the running board. A mounted officer simply directs the offender to proceed to the nearest police station and accompanies the car on horseback. I have seen a car, in which were several ladies, followed by a hooting, jeering mob of boys and half-grown men that had been attracted by the sight of a uniformed officer, with his wheel thrown over his shoulder, standing upon the running board. Had the officer quietly mounted his bicycle and followed or preceded the car to the station, no such objectionable notoriety woul have fallen to the share of the driver and his guests. When an officer arrests a citizen in the latter's house, he does not take possession of the residence; and he has no more authority to take possession of a car.

It is a serious question as to whether an officer has any legal right to make an arrest at all for a mere violation of the speed law, or that he has authority under the statutes to do more than stop the offending driver, take his name and address and the registry number of his car, and file this information, together with his charge, at the police station; after which, in those States wherein a violation of the speed limit is an offense more serious than a mere misdemeanor, a warrant might be issued for the arrest of the offending driver.

Apparently there is excellent foundation for this contention in the State of Massachusetts, the Boston Automobile Legal Association having recently sent the following notice to all chiefs of police in the State: "A violation of the automobile laws of this State is only a misdemeanor, for which our statutes do not authorize an arrest, and such arrests place the arresting officer in danger of a suit for damages. This is notice to you that any arrest of members of this association for alleged violation of the automobile laws of our State, without a warrant, will not be tolerated, whether such member is a resident of this or of some other State."—Success.

SOUVENIRS GALORE DELUGE ROOSEVELT

I can't forbear mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's souvenirs. They represent his democracy far better than reams of reminiscences could. Mr. McKinley once had three carloads of such tokens hitched onto his special train; but Mr. Roosevelt must altogether have at least three train loads. He cannot stop to pat a dog on the head without that animal being immediately crated up by its fond owner and shipped to "T. R.—Washington, D. C." Horses and saddles enough to fit out a brigade, chairs, badges, turkeys, guinea pigs, snakes from a traveling sideshow, canes, vases—everything that the generosity of the American nation can conceive has been given to him at one time or another.

He used to get flowers and bouquets by the bushel, generally presented by some of the young ladies of the town; and these offerings would finally pile up to such an extent that the porter would be compelled to open the car window and throw them out to make way for those of the next town. An amusing incident in this connection occurred at a little Kansas town.

The Presidential train was just pulling out of the depot when through the crowd came a barefoot boy, running with all his might and carrying a bouquet in his hand. He yelled. Roosevelt saw him; so did the whole populace. "Well," said the President, "I can't run away like this and insult the boy," so he pulled the bell rope and brought the train to a stop.

The youngster came up breathlessly and delivered the roses. Roosevelt smiled and handed him a dollar, and the incident was closed. Later, as the train was speeding on its way, his "delighted" smile was a bit troubled, and he called in the porter.

"Jerry," he said, "it seems to me these flowers are rather withered, aren't they? The boy must have had a hard time getting through the crowd."

"Well, they ought to be withered," was the answer. "That there bouquet has been on this train for three days, and I just threw it out of the window back at that town."

There is a boy somewhere in Kansas who will be a captain of industry one of these days.—R. L. Dunn in Success.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

But still the railroads seem to feel
That it's much better not to squeal;
That putting up a howl is folly;
Much better is the calming jolly.
—Indianapolis News.

LOCAL MENTION.

Berens' Rye Bread Is a Health Food

in the broadest sense of the term. Its unusual nourishing properties and satisfying deliciousness merit it a place on every table, particularly at this season. Tell the grocer you want Berens' Rye Bread.

Lightning Rods, Copper Excelsior, Equal

To 12 galvanized. Steel rusts, dangerous. Kuehling, 502 12th nw.

Kodaks, Supplies, and Kodak Films.

Krouse's, 737 9th st. nw.

Stores for Florida Avenue.

Louis Steerman will build two one-story brick stores at 1778 and 1780 Florida avenue that will cost about $4,000. Architect N. R. Grimm prepared the plans and specifications, and Builder Timothy L. Lewis will carry on the building operations.

Shiny, oil, muddy skin made fair by Satin skin cream and Satin skin powder. 25c.

Keep Cool on the Fourth

By eating Reisinger's delicious Ice Cream, $1.00 per gallon; 50c ½-gal. Phone M. 2767.

New Dwelling on Park Road.

Zepp Bros. have commenced building operations on a three-story brick dwelling at 1757 Park road that is estimated will cost $6,500. The plans were prepared by N. R. Grimm, architect, and provide every requirement of a modern house.

In Drinking Water or Milk Put a Little

RED DRAGON SELTZER every day. Prevents Typhoid, Indigestion, Headache. Will surely keep you well. 10 Cents.

Colonial Beach cottages for rent. Gould's.

Improve Huyler's Store.

Huyler's store at the northeast corner of F and Twelfth streets is to be improved, a building permit having been issued by Inspector Ashford to Contractor Louis H. Emmert. The cost is placed at $1,000.

Elks' Club Straight Rye Whisky,

60c per quart. Special delivery. Phone N. 3083. D. Doody, 1304 N. Cap.

Hungarian Gypsy Orchestra at

Park Hotel Summer Garden, Rathskeller, N. Y. Ave. and 11th st. F. Endres, Prop.

Dwelling Permit Issued.

Phillip Diggs has taken out a building permit for a two-story frame dwelling at Buena Vista, D. C. The construction work will be done by Builder W. H. Baum at an estimated cost of $700.

Riding and Driving Horses for Hire.

West End Stables, 807-11 19th st. Phone M. 1860.

EVERY SCENE MUST COUNT IF PLAY IS TO SUCCEED

Though one's story may be pleasing and the underlying theme a sympathetic one, a play that is badly constructed has naturally little to recommend it to a manager. Again there are exceptions, but it is wise for the unknown dramatist to build well. We must assume some technical knowledge, or playwriting is hopeless at the start. If one is lacking in the scenic sense—that is, in the ability to put a scene together so that an audience will see its cardinal points—or if one has no intuitive feeling for what is "of the theater," he is no more prepared to write a play, let alone sell it, than an architect is to build a house without plans. If he has this knowledge, realizing that a play is a struggle, he will unfold his story clearly through a series of cumulative scenes, properly climaxed, and containing the scene a faire—the scene in which the inevitable and final explanation must occur. Each scene of a play must be a loss if omitted. All sub-plots should contribute to the main plot and its denouement.

Of course, a too conscious loyalty to technic often kills ease and spontaneity; episode and color relieve the rigidity of the scheme, provided they are not too important in themselves. It is here also that dialogue plays its important part: for if free, and immediately appealing, it gives grace and naturalness to the well-planned play. Then, too, the dialogus should be in character, snould advance the story, and, above all, should be interesting. In it lies the author's wit, that tickles the intelligence, and the humor, that strokes the gentler emotions. But no mere glittering gaudiness of words is of any use unless it cloaks a human story.—Success.

BRIEF BUT CONVINCING.

Let me make my own attitude entirely clear. So far as I am personally concerned I ask for nothing. I know too much of the cares and responsibilities of public office to cherish illusions. But I have an intense desire to see administration improved and abuses corrected.—Governor Hughes to a Brooklyn audience.

PLAYING ON HEART-STRINGS STRONG POINT OF THE DRAMA

Obviously, the play that has the greatest appeal will have the greatest probabilities for acceptance. The manager is looking for "heart interest." Husband and wife, parent and child, lover and lass, we are all tied to these by our heart strings. We have a real sympathetic interest in their happenings because we understand. Consider any of the great perennial plays and see how true this holds. Recall "The Old Homestead," with its fundamental story of a father seeking and saving his son who is slowly going to ruin in a great city. Back of all the drama of the city is shadowed the charm of the old home, with its simple ideals. It is no mere accident this play has lasted so long. Time will never gray "East Lynne," bad as it is in motivization, it has lived because of the strong appeal made through the mother's love for her child.—Reader.

IN A POSITION TO KNOW.

"He plays better than he sings."
"Oh, have you heard him play?"
"No; but I have heard him sing."—Harper's Bazar.